

DAILY EVENING STAR.

VOL. 1.

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NO. 144.

DAILY EVENING STAR.

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(EXCEPT SUNDAY.)

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JOSEPH B. TATE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Encouragement to American Poetic Talent! \$500 Premium.

IMPRESSED as I am with the controlling influence which is exercised by the fine arts upon the direction and destiny of human affairs, it has given me infinite pleasure to witness the bountiful manner in which, from time to time, painting and statuary have been encouraged and rewarded by the Councils of the Nation.

But while this acknowledgment is due to the discerning and worthy patrons of these noble, it is an equal source of humiliation and sorrow to behold the apparent apathy and indifference with which they seem to regard the incomparably more valuable creations of poetry.

To see them adorn the walls of the Capitol with the glowing revelations of the pencil, and decorate the public grounds with the costly chef d'œuvres of the chisel, is an omen of good which will be hailed and applauded by all as a cheering pledge of the progress of refinement. But, while they lavish their thousands upon those immobile products of canvass and marble and bronze, they offer no reward for the more exalted, more enduring and renowned ovals of the pen. No fostering hand from these high places has ever yet invited the Promethean fire of poetry to animate the history of our country, which, with all its harmony of form and wonder of proportion, lies asleep around the humble vault of Mount Vernon, ready to spring into life and beauty at the first kindling touch of this genial inspiration.

It surely were a work of supererogation to introduce the proofs that crowd the records of the past to show how far above all other stands the "divine art" of poetry. What are all the paintings, statues, and regalia of Versailles, of Fontainebleau and the Tuilleries, compared with the "Marseilles Hymn"? What the kingly panoply of gold and gems heaped up in the Tower of London; what the collections of the Royal Academy, or even the time-hallowed shrines of Westminster Abbey, when compared with the songs of Burns, and Dibden, and Campbell? Or what has the world that we would take in exchange for "Hail Columbia" and the "Star-Spangled Banner"? Well might the British statesman exclaim "let me but write the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws."

As far as the living, breathing man is above the cold incense of marble that is made to represent him; as far as the radiant skies of summer are above the perishable canvass to which the painter has transferred their feeble resemblance, so far is poetry above all other arts that have their mission to console and elevate and inspire the immortal mind of man.

In view of these facts, and considering the lamentable paucity of patriotic songs in my distinguished and beloved country, and with the hope of being the humble means of a proper public feeling upon this interesting subject, I have been induced to offer, and do hereby offer, the sum of five hundred dollars as a prize for the best National Poem, Ode or Epic.

The rules which will govern the payment of this sum, are as follows:

1st. I have selected (without consulting them) the following persons to act as judges or arbiters of the prize thus offered, namely:

The President of the United States.
Hon. A. O. P. Nicholson, of Tennessee.
Hon. Chas. Sumner, of U. S. Senate.
Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, do
Hon. Jas. C. Jones, do
Hon. J. R. Chandler, of U. S. H. Reps.
Hon. Addison White, do do
Hon. Thos. H. Bayly, do do
Hon. D. T. Denney, do do
Hon. J. P. Kennedy, Secretary of the Navy.
D. J. W. C. Evans, of New Jersey.
D. Thos. Saunders.

Joseph Gales, } of the Press.
Gen. R. Armstrong, }
Dr. G. Bailey,
W. W. Seaton.

Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution.
Wm. Seldon, late Treasurer of the U. S.
Rev. C. M. Butler, Episcopal Church.
Rev. R. R. Gurley, Presbyterian Church.
Rev. S. S. Roszell, M. E. Church.
Rev. Mr. Donelan, Catholic Church.

2d. These gentlemen, or any three of them, are hereby authorized to meet at the Smithsonian Institution, on the second Monday of December next, at such hour as they may appoint, and there proceed to read and examine the various poems which may have been received, and to determine which of them is most meritorious and deserving of the prize. And I hereby bind myself to pay the sum aforementioned forthwith, to whoever they shall present to me as the person who has written, within the time prescribed, the best National Patriotic Poem, and upon the representation that he or she is an American citizen.

3d. All communications must be sent to me at Washington (post paid) before the first Monday in December next, with a full and complete conveyance of the copyright to me and my heirs and assigns forever.

4th. I hereby bind and obligate myself to sell the poems thus sent to me as soon as practicable, for the highest price, and to give the proceeds to the poor of the city of Washington.

5th. No poem will be considered as subject to this prize which shall not have been written subsequent to this date, and received before the first Monday in December next.

R. W. LATHAM.
Washington, Feb. 10, 1853. feb. 17—

Light Kid Gloves, Black Nett Mitts, &c.
20 doz. Bajou's light colored Kid Gloves
10 do. white do.
15 doz. Black Nett Mitts
100 " Silk and Lisle Thread Gloves,
every quality.

Call and see WM. R. RILEY,
corner 8th street, opposite the Market.
way 6-1m

E. C. CARRINGTON.

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
PRACTICES in all the Courts of the District, and attends to the prosecution of Claims before Congress and the Executive Departments.

Office, east wing of the City Hall.
feb 17

R. H. LASKEY,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
PRACTICES in the Courts of the District, and prosecutes claims of every description before the several Executive Departments and before Congress.

Office on Louisiana avenue near Sixth street.
dec 30

G. L. GIBERSON,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
PRACTICES in all the Courts of the District, and attends to the prosecution of Claims before Congress and the Executive Departments.

Office on Louisiana avenue, near 7th street.
jan 3—

WILLIAM H. BAUM,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
On Maryland Avenue, near Seventh Street.
IS PREPARED to undertake any kind of BUILDING. REPAIRING attended to with promptness.
ap 21—6w

NEW CIGAR STORE.

WILLIAM O. DREW has just opened his new Store, corner of 6th street and Louisiana avenue, and offers to the public a good assortment of CIGARS, TOBACCO, and SNUFF.

Call and try for yourselves!
ap 25—1f

COOPER & MCGHAN,

PLUMBERS AND GAS-FITTERS,
Hot-Air and Hot-Water Furnace Manufacturers,

HAVING removed to C street adjoining the Bank of Washington, would respectfully invite all persons wanting work in their line to give them a call, as they intend to do work in New York style and for New York prices.

H. D. COOPER is well known to the citizens of this city as being a general builder, and as being connected with the Hot-Water Furnaces at the Observatory and Winder's Building, previous to August, 1851, and Mr. McGHAN is a practical Plumber from New York.
Call and see us.
ap 15

PHILIP BOTTLER,

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE,
D Street, between 8th and 9th streets.
m 18—1f WASHINGTON.

HOWELL & MORSELL,

(Successors to Oliver Whittlesey.)
DEALERS IN

OILS, LAMPS, GLASSES, & WICKS,
of every description.

PAINTS, VARNISH, BRUSHES, & GLASS.
Artists' Materials of every description.

Todd's Buildings, C street.
may 23—1f WASHINGTON.

L. F. BUTTS,

TIN, SHEET IRON, & COPPER SMITH,
Near the corner of 7th and F streets, Island.

Orders punctually attended to.
may 20—1f

MAGUIRE, Fashionable Hatter,

North side Penn. ave., two doors below 4 1/2 st.

Would inform his customers and the public that he has just opened a very large assortment of Spring and Summer HATS and CAPS, of the latest styles, to which he would call their attention; among which are: Superior Mole-skin, Silk, Cassimere, and Starch HATS; Drab, Beaver, Brush, and Pearl HATS; Panama, Leghorn, Canton, Braid, German, Sennet, Palm Leaf, and other STRAW HATS; Children's Fancy do.; Boys' and Youths' HATS, of all styles and qualities. Also, Wool and other Common HATS. All of which he will sell at very low prices. Those wishing to purchase anything in his line, will do well by calling at
m 13 Pennsylvania avenue.

COLT'S REVOLVING PISTOLS, &c.

A LARGE and complete assortment of Colts' and Allen's REVOLVERS of all sizes and qualities just opened and for sale by

JNO. W. BADEN.
South side Penn. avenue, near 6th st.
ap 9—2w6w

TO THE PUBLIC.

Garner's Vegetable Pain Extractor.

HAVING, for the last fifteen years, been engaged in examining the medical properties of the various plants of the vegetable kingdom, in order to ascertain that if by a proper and proportionate combination and blending of several kinds into one harmonious whole, a liquid medicine could not be obtained that could be used internally and externally without injury to the human system, and that would relieve poor suffering humanity of some of the diseases that flesh is heir to, I flatter myself that I have produced such a medicine, which I call GARNER'S VEGETABLE PAIN EXTRACTOR, that, for its efficacy in removing pain and disease from the human body, stands unrivalled in the history of medicine. This is no idle boast, as I first tried its virtues in my own family and then administered it to my friends and acquaintances until several hundreds have used it, and who are as much astonished and delighted as myself at the almost miraculous cures it has performed.

Satisfied of its wonderful powers, and at the earnest solicitation of my friends, I have determined to spread it broad-east throughout the world, and for this purpose I have appointed Mr. G. L. GILCHRIST, of the city of Washington, D. C., my General Agent, who is prepared to supply Agents with any quantity of this valuable medicine. To him all letters and orders must be addressed, (post-paid,) which will meet with prompt attention.
may 25—1f GEORGE W. GARNER.

E. BURNETT'S

CONFECTIONARY AND FRUIT STORE,
Corner of Penn. avenue and 14th street,
next Kidwell & Lawrence's Drug Store.

CONSTANTLY for sale, at the lowest cash prices, CONFECTIONARY, of all kinds, CAKES, Foreign FRUITS and NUTS, ICE CREAM, \$2 per gallon—families supplied at the shortest notice. TOYS and FANCY ARTICLES at reduced prices.

The public are respectfully informed that all Cakes and Confectionary advertised as above are made expressly for the establishment by the undersigned.
may 2—7w J. E. WEAVER, Agent

For the Daily Evening Star.

The Flowers.—To—

'Twas on a bright and lovely night,
The last of Spring's sweet hours;
When Summer's smiles had scarcely dawned,
O'er fields and fragrant flowers,
When 'neath the lattice of my love,
I tuned my light guitar;
And sang the moonlight serenade,
And o'er the hills afar.

And soon her lattice gently raised,
And by the moon's soft glare
I gazed with eager eye above,
And traced her image there.
O, then I knew she felt the strain,
My soul's most gifted powers,
For by my side I sought the prize—
This lovely bunch of flowers.

And O, I blessed the lily hand,
That could such joy impart,
For in each tinselled leaf I read,
The language of her heart.
And when the pleasing vision fled,
As fled the evening hours;
In slumbers light I sweetly dreamed,
Love, of those precious flowers.

WASHINGTON, June, 1853. TYRO.

Carrying a Letter to the Governor.

BY SAM SLICK, OF HALIFAX, N. S.

I got into an awful scrape once by carrying a letter that had a wafer on it to Sir Hercules Sampson, the governor that used to be here a good while ago. I'll tell you how it was, so that you may see it ain't because I don't want to oblige you, but just to keep out of a scrape myself when I know I'm well off.

One fall, just as I was starting from home for Halifax, in a vessel loaded with apples and cider I raised on my own farm, and a matter of five boxes of smoked herrings which I caught and cured myself, who should come along but Pete Balcom, with a letter in his hand.

"Steve," says he, "just leave this at Government House, will you, that's a good fellow, as soon as you arrive in town, and I'll do as much for you some other time."

"Certainly," says I; "but as my hands are sort of dirty, do you take my pocket-book out of my jacket and stow it away snug," and he did so. Well, one day after I got to Halifax and unloaded the vessel, as I was a-going along the street with my working clothes on, who should I see a galloping along from parade but the governor and a couple of other officers, with their spurs a-jangling, and their swords a-dangling, and their plumes a-nodding, talking and a laughing away like anything. Thinks I, I'll just follow on to Government House and give Pete Balcom's letter to one of his hired men. So away I goes into one of the great stone gates, and there was trees, and gravel-walks, and little bushes, and a sort of garden-looking place, and a great big front door. So I backed out and went up the hill and turned into t'other gate, and, as I ain a living sinner, there was another pleasure-garden-looking place, and a front door there, too. Thinks I, goodness me, where's the back porch that common folks like me go into! These places are only meant for great men and office-seekers, like our friend Broadcloth here. So I took a circuit all around the house, till I came back to where I started from, like a fellow lost in the woods, when I saw a baker drive in. Come, says I to myself, I'll ax no questions, for that looks as if you did not know; but I'll just follow old Dough, for where the bread goes he that raises the flour has a right to go also. Well, out he jumps from his cart, and takes a basket of loaves on his arm, dives down behind an iron railing along-side of the street-door, and I after him. Though he knew the way and I didn't, I kept close up to him for all that; for a man that can overhaul a mouse ain't easy left behind by a baker chap. I tell you. Well, we no sooner got into the lower regions than Sixpenny Loaf lays down his basket, up with his whip, knocks at the door, and off like a shot leaving me and the basket there.

"Hullo," said I, "Mister, deliver your own freight yourself, will you, if you please? it's enough for me to hand in Pete Balcom's letter. And besides, I am a stranger here."

But crack went the whip, and away went the wheels; and the only answer I got was, "Come in." So I opened the door, and there was a little, thin old lady, with spectacles on, and her two daughters handsomely dressed. Mother was writing in a big book that looked like a merchant's ledger, and the two young women were making a bit of carpet with colored yarns, in a small-sized quilting-frame. Thinks I to myself, I won't say nothing about that trick the fellow played me with the bread. If he don't choose to stop for his pay, he may go without it.—So says I—

"Marm, I've a letter for the governor, that a neighbor of mine, one Pete Balcom, asked me to leave here for him" and I out pocket-book and gave it to her, and she handed it to one of the gals, who went out to hand it to some one else.

"Take a chair, and sit down," said old mother, quite sociable-like. "Be so good as to wait a moment, perhaps his excellency the governor may have an answer for you;" and then she went on writing as before.

"That must have been the house-keeper

you saw," said Miss Lucy, with the patronizing air of a person that thinks they know the world: "and what you call bits of carpet in frames, was rug-work."

"I don't know who the plague she was," said Stephen, "nor do I care. I never saw her before, and never want to see her again. Well, as I was a-saying, that gave me time to cast my eye round and think a bit upon things in general; and when I see'd these nice-dressed women, and well-furnished room, and flowers, and what not, thinks I, if this is your kitchen room, what must your parlor be? And then I looked at my clothes all covered with dust, a little more nor half-worn, and looking none the better for the tar of the vessel. I won't say I wished for broadcloth, for I didn't, but I did long for my new suit of homespun, for I feel sort of proud of it, seeing I raised the stuff, and my old woman wove it and made it as I said before. Well, just then in come a servant with a pair of red breeches on, and gold garters, and white stocking pulled up tight over a pair of legs about as big as — as big as — what shall I say? why, about as big as your drumsticks. Broadcloth. The fellow looked as much like a gentleman, and was as well dressed as an eddygong, or chaplain, or whatever they call them, and as impudent too: for, says he, "Follow me!" quite short, like a chap that has received so many orders that he begins to think at last he has a right to give them himself. Thinks I, Natur is natur, whether it's on a farm or in a governor's kitchen-room, for every thing gets sarcy that's well-fed and has nothing to do. Well, he takes me through a long stone passage, as cold as the natural ice-house on Granville Mountain, and as dark, too, then up a pair of stairs, and then turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right again, as folks tell you when you don't know the road. It sort of crossed my mind as I followed the critter who seemed most too lazy to carry his shoes, I suppose the governor is going to offer me a glass of grog for fetching that letter, and that I'll take, for that's sociable and civil-like, though I wouldn't take all the money in his house, for that's mean and don't become homespun.

At last Breeches showed me into a large unfurnished room, without a carpet or a curtain, as bare as my threshing floor, with nothing in it but two unstuffed wooden sofas, and a table with a large writing book and an inkstand on it. On one side sat a sergeant with his sword on, and on the other a thirteen-penny soldier with his baggonut on, and there he left me standing in the middle of the room, without saying as much as, by your leave, or anything else. In less than half a minute out come the governor, a great, tall, thin, bony man like myself, with a bald head, a nose as big as a brass knocker, and a pair of eyes as sharp, bright, and wicked, as a Lucifer's, with his great big sword by his side, and his spurs on, just as I saw him in the street, only he had his hat with its white feathers in his hand. As soon as he came in, up jumps the sergeant and the soldier, and stood as straight as two ramrods.

"How dare you hand me such a letter as that, Mr. Balcom?" said he.

"Governor!" says I.

"Silence!" says he. "It admits of no excuse."

I never heard no more after that, I was so taken a-back, and me with my old working clothes on, looking like Old Scratch himself; but on he went, foaming and roaring like a frishet, and klomping, klomping round on the board floor, and waving his arms like a windmill. Thinks I to myself, that is what I call an indictment, and they are a-going to send me to the guard-house as sure as the world: and then I looked first at the sergeant, and then at Thirteen-pence, and I see I could pitch-fork them fellows out of the window as easy as a sheaf of wheat: but then there was the governor. If I was to lay hands on him, even in self defence, I knew it would be rebellion, besides going agin the grain, for I am a loyal man, so was my father before me: and besides that, I warn't sure I could handle him either if I was to try. Then I thought I'd make a run for it, and if I had known the way, I think I should: but what in the world can you do in a house that has as many doors in it, 'a most, as there are days in the year? So I made up my mind to face it like a man.

"Governor," says I, "will you just answer me one question?"

"Silence, Mr. Balcom!" says he; "I have nothing to say to you."

"Man alive!" says I, "do you call all this saying nothing? Besides, my name ain't Balcom, and never was, I tell you. You have got in a wrong pew, you may depend."

"What the devil is your name, then?" says he.

"Why, folks call me Stephen Richardson when I am at home," says I; "and I know no more about that letter than the man in the moon. I only brought it just to oblige you and Pete Balcom."

"Why didn't you tell me that before?" says he.

"Because you wouldn't let me," says I.

With that he half turned and waved his hand, the sergeant and the soldier sprung forward, and I thought they were a-going for to seize me: so as I know'd I hadn't done nothing wrong, except not dressing myself decent, I stepped back as quick as wink two paces, and squared off at them.

"Stop!" says I, "the first man that lays a hand on me I'll level him as flat as a pancake; so stand clear!"

The governor laughed right out at that, and the two soldiers opened the front door to let me out, instead of leading me all round by the kitchen, the way I came in; and up steps Sir Hercules, and says he:

"You are a fine, manly fellow, and I admire your spirit. I wish I had a battalion of such men as you are. I am very sorry for the mistake. I beg your pardon," and so on.

Well when a great man like the governor condescends that way to humble himself to a poor man, to say he begs his pardon, it kind of overcomes you, and cools you down as quick as a cup of water does a kettle of boiling maple sap.

I don't blame you a morsel, says I, governor: but I blame Pete Balcom, though: he hadn't ought to have made a fool of me after that fashion. This is the first office ever I filled in my life, and that was none of my seeking, being a letter-carrier; and when I get home I'll give Pete Balcom the first quarter's salary in the shape of as good a licking as ever he got since he was born, and then I'll resign the commission.

"No, no, my good friend," said the governor, patting me good-naturedly on the shoulder, "pray, don't break the peace: I should be very sorry to be the cause of any further annoyance to you."

But I didn't promise him, for when I promise I keep my word: and, besides, he sort of looked at me as if he wouldn't care much if I did give him a quilting.—Well, the first time I met Mister Pete Balcom, after I had returned home, I just up and says:

"Pete," says I, "what was in that letter of yours that you gave me to take to the governor?"

"What is that to you," says he.

"It is a good deal to me," I said: "for I want to know what sort of business I was partner in?"

"Well, ask about and find it out," said he, quite sarsy.

"I'll get it out of you as I get my wheat out of the ear, by thrashing it out," says I. "So here's at you," and I turned to, and I gave him such a taneeting as he never had since he was raised, I know. The postage of that letter came to a round sum you may depend. I got sued for an assault, was dragged through two courts, and got cast in ten pounds' damage, and twenty pounds cost; and what's more, after all, never found out to this day what was in that letter. Since then I've made a vow never to carry a paper for any man, unless he first shows me what's in it.

PROPERTIES OF CHARCOAL.—Among the many properties of charcoal may be mentioned its power of destroying smell, taste, and color: and as a proof of its possessing the first quality, if it be rubbed over putrid meat, the flavor will be destroyed. If a piece of charcoal be thrown into putrid water, the putrid taste or smell will be destroyed, and the water be rendered completely fresh. Sailors are aware of this: they are in the habit of throwing pieces of burned biscuit into it to purify it. Color is materially influenced by charcoal, and in numbers of instances in a very irregular way. If you take a dirty black syrup and filter it through burnt charcoal, the color will be removed. The charcoal of animal matter appears to be the best for this purpose. You may learn the influence of charcoal in destroying colors by filtering a bottle of port wine through it: in the filtration it will lose a great portion of its color and become tawny: repeat the process two or three times and you have destroyed it altogether.

A MELTING SIGHT.—Roman miracles are as plentiful, just now, as pantomimes. We have recently had a "winking picture," and at present the papers are full of the most glowing accounts, in France, of a "bleeding picture." A correspondent of the Times suggests that the moisture in question, which is sworn to be blood, is nothing more than the pitch, which has been mixed with the color.—This seems to be a very natural solution; for the miracle, in the description, was colored up to such a tremendous pitch, that we do not wonder at a little of it melting!—Punch.

Efforts are being made in New York to introduce foreign and rare birds into Greenwood Cemetery. Cages of some of the finest songsters, and birds of the richest plumage, have already been taken there, in the hope that they will pair and domesticate themselves. This result is uncertain, but the seclusion of the place, the grand old woods, and the impossibility of molestation by sportsmen, render the success of the experiment quite probable.